

The LIFE and DEATH of the Famous *Thomas Stukely*

An *English* Gentleman in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who was kill'd in the Battle of the Three Kings of *Barbary*.



IN the west of *England*,
Born there was I understand,
A famous Gallant was he in his Days,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers Son,
Deeds of Wonder he had done,
to purchase him a long and lasting fame
If I would tell you his Story,
Pride was all his Glory:

and lusty *Stukely* was he call'd in court.
He served a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best;
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.
Being thus esteemed,
And every where well Deemed;
he gain'd the favour of a *London* dame
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called,

to whom a Sailor gallantly he came.
When she his Person 'spyed,
He could not be denied;
so brave a Gentleman he was to see.
She was quickly made his Wife;
In weal or woe to lead her Life,
her Father willing thereto Did agree.
Thus in State and Pleasure,
Full many a Day they measure;

till cruel death with his regardless spite
Bore old *Curtis* to the Grave,
A thing that *Stukely* wish'd to have,
that he might revel in Gold so bright.

He was no sooner toomb'd,
But *Stukely* he presumed,
to spend a 100 pound a Day in waste,
The greatest Gallant in the Land,
Had *Stukely's* purse at his command;
thus merrily away the time he past.

Taverns and Ordinaries,
Were his chief Braveries,
golden angels then flew up and down.
Riots were his best Delight,
With stately Feasting Day and Night;
in court and city thus he Won renown
Thus wasted Lands and Livings,
By his Lawless giving; (Yard,
at length he sold the pavement of the
Which covered was with Blocks of Tin,
Gur *Curtis* left the same to him.

Which he consumed lately as you heard
Whereat his Wife sore grieved,
Desiring to be relieved; Did say,
make much of me dear husband she
I'll make much more of thee, said he,

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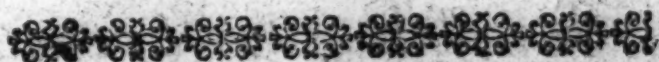
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Than any one shall verily,
 I'll sell thy Cloaths and then go AWAY,
 Cruelly thus hard hearted,
 Away from her he parted,
 and traveled into ITALY with speed,
 There he flourish'd many a DAY,
 In his Silks and rich Array,
 and did the Pleasures of a Lady feed,
 It was the Lady's pleasure,
 To give him Gold and Treasure;
 maintain him with great Pomp & fame
 At last News came assuredly,
 Of a Battle fought in Barbary,
 and he would willingly go see the same,
 Many a Noble Gallant
 Sold both Land and Talent;
 to follow Stukely in the famous fight.
 Whereas three Kings would,
 Advent'rously with Courage bold; (fight,
 within this Battle shew'd themselves in
 STUKELY and his Followers all,
 Of the King of Portugal,
 had entertainment like to Gentlemen.
 The King affected STUKELY so,
 That he did his Secrets know,
 and bore his royal standard now & then
 Upon this Day of honour,
 Each Man did shew his manner,
 Morocco and the King of BARBARY
 Portugal and all his Train,
 Bravely glittering on the Plain,
 and gave the onset there most Valiently.
 The Cannons thore rebounded,
 And thundering Guns redounded,
 kill, kill, then was the Soldiers cry.
 Mangled Men lay on the Ground,
 And with Blood the Earth was Drown'd
 The sun was likewise darken'd in the sky
 Heaven was so displeased,
 And would not be appeased,
 but tokens of God's Wrath did show,
 That he was angry at this War,
 He sent a fearful blazing Star, (know
 thereby the King might his misfortune

Bloody was the slaughter,
 Or rather cruel Murder, (slain,
 wher six score thousand fighting men were
 Three Kings within this Fight dyed,
 And forty Lords and Dukes beside,
 the like may never more be fought again.
 With Woeful Arms enfolding,
 Stukely stood beholding,
 this cursed Sacrifice of Men that Day.
 He SIGHING said I Wicked Wight,
 Against my Conscience here to FIGHT,
 and brought my Followers unto Decay,
 BEING thus sore vexed,
 And with Grief oppressed;
 these brave Itallians that sold their Lands,
 Witd Stukely to Venture forth,
 And hazard Life for nothing worth,
 upon him then did cast their cursed hands
 Unto Death thus Wounded,
 His Heart with sorrow swooned.
 unto them he made his moan,
 Thus have I left my Country Dear,
 To be in this manner murder'd here,
 even in this place where I am not known.
 My Wife I have much wronged,
 Of what to her belonged,
 I did consume in wicked course of life.
 What I had is past I see,
 And brings nought but grief to me,
 therefore grant me Pardon gentle Wife,
 Life I see consumeth,
 And Death I see presumeth,
 to change this Life of mine into a new,
 Yct this my greatest Comfort brings,
 I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings,
 and so bold Stukely bids the world adieu
 Stukely's Life thus ended,
 Was after Death befriended,
 and like a Soldier buried gallantly.
 Where now there stands upon the grave
 A stately Temple builded brave,
 with golden turrets piercing to the sky



LONDON: Printed and Sold by
 L. How, in Petticoat-Lane.